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TASTE.

When we behold a beautiful object, our minds are exercised in two ways: First—we are aware of an agreeable emotion, caused by our sensibility to the beauty contained in the object, and proportioned to the state of our imagination at the time of beholding. Second—our judgment is exercised to discover how far this pleasurable emotion may rationally extend, or how much of beauty is actually in the object. That the imagination has much to do with our sensibility to beauty, is evident. For, from the very nature of our constitutions, that passion or emotion which is for the time the strongest, is likewise the most engrossing, and renders all others secondary. For instance, he who is in great distress of mind cannot appreciate a landscape, however picturesque or beautiful; the ambitious man looks forward to the object of his aspirations alone, and the miser only sees beauty in his accumulating gold. It is equally clear that reason and the judgment have an influence in the exercise of taste. For, were it otherwise, the agreeable would be resolved into the appetitive and sensuous, and man, instead of being elevated and enobled, would be degraded by the

æsthetic impulse. But the fact is actually the contrary. "Taste," says Schiller, "taste demands moderation and decency; it abhors everything that is hard, angular, violent, and inclines to all that unites with ease and harmony." How could taste, were it the result of mere sense, unattended by the exercise of reason, be able to possess such attributes, or to uphold such virtues? Taste, then, is attended by two exercises of the mind, sensibility and reason; and may be defined as a natural faculty of the mind, whereby we both appreciate and discriminate the beautiful and its opposite. For it is by the same faculty that we become acquainted with both the deficiency and the presence of beauty. That it is an *original* faculty of the mind, we think will develop itself in the progress of this essay.

It has been the constant endeavor of most writers upon taste, to account for its various exercises, without admitting its existence as a separate faculty of the human mind. This is the rock on which they have split. Three hypotheses which have attempted thus to explain the causes of the sense of beauty, have been supported by ingenious and plausible argument, and have attained to much popularity. These are: First—what is called the *rationalistic* theory, adopted by Hume and the French philosophers of the last century. Second—the theory of *association*, originated by Burke, defended by Alison, and adopted generally by the Scotch and English metaphysicians. Third—the theory of Kant, and the German philosophers, which, for want of a better designation, we will term the *legislative*.

First. Let us consider the rationalistic hypothesis. Hume, its advocate, asserts that our perception of beauty lies in the discovery of fitness, utility, and proportion. This is partly true, but cannot be made to account for all the phenomena that attend the exercises of taste. We grant fitness an influence, but cannot allow it the entire

and sole governance. For it is evident that our consciousness of the emotion caused by beauty is an instantaneous feeling, not the result of a knowledge of fitness in the object. Besides, in applying this theory to actual circumstances, the facts will be found not to support it. Many objects possessed of undoubted beauty, contain not the slightest element of utility, and many certainly very useful and proportionate, can in themselves discover* no beauty whatever. No one will assert that he can find beauty in the note of a Wall street broker, or in the sign-manual of the cashier of a bank, yet no one will question the utility and fitness of either for their intended purpose. There is without dispute much beauty in the lilly, in the tulip, in the rose, but these things can be applied to nothing that can be called useful. Chrystals of iron pyrites, and the flame of certain chemical compounds have remarkable and striking beauty, but the one crumbles into dust when exposed to heat, and can be applied to nothing, and the others are as evanescent as a shooting meteor. We admit without dispute that an evident unfitness and a glaring want of proportion destroys beauty, not because of a lack of fitness and proportion, but because there is displayed a great want of taste. But to say that because fitness enhances our sense of beauty, therefore it is the source of that sense, is just as reasonable as asserting, that because the palate acts in unison with the nose in rejecting what is offensive to the latter, they are both organs of the same sense. There is one other circumstance in connection with this part of our subject, that is sufficient of itself to disprove Hume's hypothesis. It is that the sense of beauty is prior to the sense of fitness. That is, that the rules of taste are complied with without regard to the rules of fitness. This is frequently the case with the great models of ancient and modern architecture, when structures, planned with

*This is a quaint and almost obsolete use of the word "discover."

an eye to beauty only, have been afterwards found to develop the most perfect proportions for utility. Beauty, therefore, does not consist in fitness and proportion alone.

Second. We next come to the consideration of the theory of association. This hypothesis is so ably supported by its advocates, the arguments given in its favor are so ingenious and plausible, that to a superficial observer it bears the aspect of truth, and appears almost impregnable. But a minute examination of its principles compels us to reject it as not accounting for the sense of beauty in every case—unless it can do which, it is not capable of substantiation. To state the principles of this theory we cannot do better than employ the language of Jeffrey: “All objects are beautiful or sublime, which signify or suggest to us some simple emotion of love, pity, terror, or any other social or selfish affection of our nature; and the beauty or sublimity which we ascribe to them, consists entirely in the power which they have acquired, by association or otherwise, of reminding us of the proper objects of these familiar affections.” For instance, they say the violet is beautiful, because we associate with it the idea of modesty—but we are sensible of the beauty of such an object, before we connect it with any association whatever. Take it to a child who cannot have any idea of modesty or of any kindred feeling, and he will clap his hands and call it pretty. He does this, not from any association of ideas, but from an instantaneous sense of its innate beauty. He beholds the sky and it appears beautiful to him with its bright stars and clear cerulean, though he may have heard nothing of the great Being that bestowed those rich tints upon it. In fact, without regarding these significant circumstances, it is radically absurd to say that our sense of beauty is dependant upon association alone. We must suppose some fundamental principles of actual, innate beauty, to give the associating principle whereon to begin its action.

There must be a nucleus to admit of any accumulation. Besides associations can be *pleasant* without exciting the emotion of beauty. There is a decided difference between beauty and agreeableness. We may have pleasant associations connected with the place of our birth, though it be the veriest earthy hovel ; but this does not prevent us from appreciating the abstract beauty of a fine landscape, though we can associate with it nothing but the most disagreeable relations. Infants and savages are delighted with glaring colors, "merely because they stimulate more powerfully, and so are, as mere sensations, more pleasing than others." They connect no associations with them whatever—they are merely pleased, because, in the undeveloped state of their taste they can appreciate only what is most brilliant and vivid. The few original emotions of beauty that characterize this infant period of the preceptive faculty, comparatively with those that are certainly the result of association, fitness, design, and other contributing causes, have brought the theory of beauty, considered as the result of a separate faculty of the mind, into the great difficulty of bearing the burthen of proof. But those who look upon it in this light should consider that it is *necessity* that compels us to assert an original faculty. For by any other theory we are unable to prove all the circumstances connected with our sense of beauty, whereas, by admitting taste to be an original faculty, we can explain every phenomena that pertains to its exercises.

Third. We will now endeavor to examine that theory which we have presumed to call the legislative. This hypothesis holds that beauty consists in the recognition of design : that an object is beautiful because we perceive in its organization the manifest of intelligence, and that in every object, however small, or insignificant, we find multiplicity of parts combined with unity of intention and design. Take for example the parts of a watch. The many different portions will represent multiplicity,

and when the machinery is in order and in motion, then we recognize design. But there are many things that betray design, without being beautiful. This deal table has multiplicity in unity; the legs, the top, the paint, were undoubtedly put together and applied for the purpose of making a table, but no one, I think, will claim for it anything of beauty. Besides, this theory embraces the subject altogether psychologically, whereas it properly pertains to æsthetics. It treats beauty as an idea, not an emotion. The true theory of the taste must account for the emotions we feel in beholding the beautiful. This, the theory of Kant, does not do, assuredly, and we therefore are forced to reject it.

Having now reviewed the chief theories that have been advanced, and proved them defective, to what conclusion must we finally come? We have seen that the doctrine of association will not comprehend all the exercises of taste; that the theory of proportion and utility is likewise insufficient; and that beauty, considered as the perception of an intelligent purpose, takes too abstract and contracted a view of the subject, and hence we infer that they are equally fallacious. But if we reject all these theories as defective, how shall we supply their place? Shall we fall to and invent a new hypothesis? But will it not be apt to meet the fate of its predecessors? Nay, let us rather receive it as an incontrovertible fact that taste is the result of a separate faculty in the human mind. This done, all appears clear. The whole system of taste, the whole theory of æsthetics, is then reduced to perspicuity and definite arrangement. Association, design, utility, take their proper places as subordinates and coadjutors to this great mental faculty—discord is resolved into harmony, and taste, reinstated into her true position, assumes a corresponding rank and influence.

Taste, if it be an original faculty of the mind, must be universal, and if we can prove its universality, we have

substantiated its originality. The strongest arguments against the supposition that the sense of beauty is an original faculty, and therefore universal, are derived from the apparently incongruous tautology that characterise its exercises. It is argued, that it is impossible to reconcile with our theory the various and opposite tastes men have; that there are always contrarieties among different individuals with regard to what we have considered an abstract quality; that where one can find beauty, another will be able to discover none whatever. For example, say they, compare the present taste for the imaginative and reflective in poetry, with the pleasure taken in the high-flown euphuistic bombast that characterised the age of Charles II. How are these diversities to be reconciled with our theory? We admit the existence of these peculiarities, yet find our belief in the theory of an original faculty nowise shaken. The cause of these differences of taste lies in the sense of judgment, not in the sense of beauty. We started out with defining taste as the result of two exercises of the mind: the one a pleasurable emotion, i. e. *appreciation*; the other the exercise of the judgment, i. e. *discrimination*. These different tastes among men then, are defects of judgment, not of the sense of beauty. Men must have an equal degree of education, must possess similar habits, be governed by similar laws, subject to the same climate, to have an uniform taste. Dr. Brown has clearly obviated these objections by another species of argument. He begins by saying that beauty is an emotion, not a sensation. Emotions admit of much greater modifications than sensations. For instance, to illustrate his meaning, he takes the emotion of desire. There is no one who will assert that all things are equally to be desired. There is ever some object that excites desire, ere we join into it any associated idea whatever. It has always been inherent

in man to possess "certain susceptibilities" that would induce us, could we be freed from the bar of circumstances, to entertain nearly the same desires; but the different situations of climate, religion, and government in which we are placed, produces a like difference of passions that seem antagonistic in every feature, yet have unquestionably the same origin. So mankind have always possessed the same sense of beauty, which would lead them to conceive a like pleasurable emotion in regarding the same objects. "If," concludes he, "if different circumstances did not produce views of utility and associations of various sorts, that diversify the emotion itself." Again, we will propound a query. How does it happen that men always, though they be in very different circumstances of education, constitution, and habit, experience emotions of beauty from some simple objects? For instance, a savage, no matter how degraded, sees the sky or the green fields with the same elevated pleasure that we experience in beholding it. This, we conceive, can be answered only by those who adopt our theory, and we feel ourselves the more confirmed in the belief that there is a faculty in the human mind by which all men, at all times, are aware of certain emotions of beauty in certain objects.

We now come to consider the various elements that contribute to taste, and how we can reconcile them with the theory of an original faculty. There are many things which contribute to beauty, so many indeed, that most persons have been led to reject taste as a mental faculty, and regard the accessories as the true sources. But we find it most practicable, as well as the only true method, to regard these others as secondary, and only contributing to our perceptions by their various influences upon the imagination—not impairing the intrinsic merit of taste as a faculty of the mind. It were vain to attempt an enumeration of these many contributors to the sense of

beauty—we will only mention a few of the most important. *Association* is one great coadjutor to the faculty of taste in the pursuit of beauty. To give an idea of its assistance to innate beauty in enhancing it, suppose we were gazing upon the picturesque, moss-clad ruins of an old castle perched upon a green summit, we have a strong feeling of its beauty; but this emotion would be greatly augmented if we were to find it associated with some historic event, some mouldy old legend of robber knights or barons bold. *Fitness* adds to the sense of beauty. When we see a graceful column supporting an arch or cornice, if it is well suited to what it was intended for, we are the more pleased—that what is tasty should at the same time contain the elements of utility. *Design* contributes to the sense of beauty. In contemplating most objects we detect some purpose or intention displayed in them, and the discovery of this design enhances their beauty. In *material objects* there are many things that give rise to our sense of beauty. Notice a beautiful landscape. The combination of harmony and variety—the hazy distance rising into blue hills far away—the bold foreground, displaying each blade of grass, each modest flower—the varied shades of green in the trees and the field—the gentle course of a meandering stream—a quiet, shady cottage, perchance near an old bridge—or a pretty milk maid balancing a pail gracefully upon her head—all these varieties, harmonized into one picture, form an exquisite source of the emotion of beauty. Female loveliness, the most perfect work of God, and nearest his own image—handsome manliness—both expressing beauty, intelligence and virtue give rise to the same pleasurable emotions.

MARY.

A THRENODY.

I have gazed on thee when a sudden glow
Of golden glory seemed to circle thee;
And did I deem thee some sweet gift to me,
Or did I hold thee more than mortals be,
Alas! I do not know.

For thou wert gentler than a summer wind,
Sifted at evening, through the drowsy trees;
Thy voice was sweeter than the hum of bees,
And O! how bald were all earth's vanities
To thy far-reaching mind.

And when thy soul was lifted up in song,
Thy "face shone like an angel's," and thine eyes
Seemed roaming to a realm beyond the skies;
While on the surge of thy high symphonies,
My soul was borne along.

Young wert thou, and most lovely, with thy bold
Broad forehead rising like a marble dome,
And hair, that fell all heedless of the comb,
Adown thy neck, as light as feathery foam,
And rich as molten gold.

And thou wert happy as the morning lark,
Warbling his matins in the cloudless blue,—
Fresh as a lily sparkling in the dew,
And graceful as a fawn, sporting perdue
'Twixt daylight dim, and dark.

And all did love thee for thine own sweet sake,
Since wheresoe'er thy wandering footsteps fell,
Care fled away, and sorrow might not dwell,
And all to thee their inmost griefs would tell,
And telling feel them break.

And all did love thee, but I most of all;
For I had rounded one short year of bliss,
And I had found life's honey not amiss,
And did not think to drain, after all this,
Its wormwood and its gall.

But no! this day (the one we should have wed,)
I gaze upon thee, and a sudden pain
Flies to my heart, and darts through every vein;
And bitter thoughts go rushing to my brain,
For thou, alas!—art dead.

O! Death, Death, Death, cast down thy craven spear!
And rest thee from thy long, long work of woe;
For thou did'st never strike so foul a blow,
And thou did'st never slay so fair a foe,
As now, when thou wast here.

How calm thou seemest in thy last repose,
As if soft sleep had caught thee needing rest;
And those wan hands which I have often pressed,
How still they lie across thy silent breast,
Clasping a new-blown rose.

But all the light has died from out thine eyes,
And all the blush has faded from thy cheek,
And nevermore those lips of thine may speak;
The same to thee is silence, or a shriek—
Midnight, or morning skies!

Yes thou art dead! I see it, feel it all—
Dead to all changes of the rolling years,
Dead to all passions, prides, and fears,
Dead to the world—yet living in those spheres
Where pleasures cannot pall.

'Tis well! for death to thee was future life,
And not in vain thy incompleted days,
And not in vain thy many gentle ways,
For thou "a thing of beauty" wert, and praise,
In this hard world of strife.

"Whom the god's love, die young," so let it be!
We will not quarrel with untoward fate,
Nor will we yield in agony and hate,
But bowing humbly, let us watch and wait
Each stern and sure decree.

H.

THE ARTS, NATURE, AND MAN.

The gratification of our love of the beautiful yields us exquisite delight. There are three studies—those of the arts, of nature, and of man—peculiarly well adapted to the attainment of this end. Together they form a source of boundless pleasure to a mind in any degree cultivated, and grow in interest in the order of their statement.

To stand—rapt in thought suggested by a beautiful painting; or listen—hushed and soothed by some wild, plaintive, spiritual strain of music; or read the words of some great poet whose fire and imagery tingles every nerve within us; or follow, with beating heart, the course of the orator whose zeal in the cause of truth leads him to sublimest eloquence—this is indeed pleasure—this indeed a momentary *happiness*.

Yet purer, holier, and more soothing is the influence of nature. Says Coleridge,

“With other ministrations thou, O nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child;
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of words, and winds, and waters;
Till he relent and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy.”

Nature is more pleasurable than art for several reasons: it is more beautiful than art,—nature the creation of Divinity—art the production of imperfect man. Again, in looking upon a production of art, suggestions are not only of the nature of the piece before us, but are intimately connected with and referable to it. *Nature's* influence is to creation—to the formation in the mind of beautiful forms, whose components are severally found in nature, but whose wholes are entirely new and origi-

nal. When, on some bold and jagged rock—the mighty deep stretched out before, and behind, rising ridge above ridge, huge peaked masses of earth—we mark the gathering storm; watch, the clouds as they rise from the horizon, taking on at each successive moment some new, hideous and appalling shape; then, as they near and drape the whole sky with their dark hued garments, note the first gentle ripples, then the boiling, and surging, and finally the huge mountain billows, and yawning watery caves caused by the fearful violence of the wind; then the dazzling glare of the instantaneous lightning, and the mighty crash of the thunder, and the myriad echoes through the mountain passes—then is the mind most active. What bounding, thrilling thoughts, what sublime imagery, what a world of thoughtful words throng then upon the mind. Then it labors with majestic thought, and the conception of the poem, painting, or oration springs into being. Then is the man carried out of and above himself. Then bursts from the lips of him who never spoke before—words of weighty import; of him who never sang before—strains of exquisite melody. Aye,

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrude,
By the deep sea—and music in its roar.”

And we, too, can add with Byron,

“I love not man the less but nature more,
From these our interviews; in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

Beautiful and suggestive as are both art and nature, man yet presents himself a subject of more interest, and productive of greater pleasure in his study. Says Shakespeare, “what a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel!

in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" The productions of art, we said, are seductive, how seductive then must be their creator—man! We hear an oration well fitted to force belief, and constrain to action—each part following the preceding, as one link of a chain follows another, until the subject-matter spoken of is fast bound to the understanding and will of the hearers, and we are forced to exclaim, how ingenious, how comprehensive, how searching the mind that conceived of, and executed this work in this manner! A poem expresses noble sentiments, high aspirations, eager reachings after truth; must not the dictating moral elements be noble, and truthful; and must not the imagination, that put into such beauteous forms the soft breathings of our religious nature, be wonderfully interesting? As the machine, with its wheels and screws, is to be preferred as a subject of study to the tool made by it, so is the mind, with its numerous qualities, to be preferred to its productions in art.

The contemplation of nature leads the intellect to action, and thence to grand results; how grand are and must be the results when we study nature's noblest piece of mechanism—man. He is a field of study every turn in whose path opens up new subjects for thought—new springs of joy. Complex in all that relates to him; infinitely diversified in the aspects of his body and his mind; ever changing, yet still the same; capable of being influenced, and of influencing in a thousand different ways; never following, without deviation, any one rule of action through life; now swelled with pride and confidence in his own might, and now humbled to the dust before the voice of his God, speaking through his conscience; now bright, and gay, loving, obeying; and again sad, and morose, hating, rebelling; moral, yet immoral; a created thing, yet a creator; made in the image of his God; an *immortal being*—man is indeed a subject the study of which taxes the mind to its utmost capabilities.

Select an individual—observe the innumerable changes of his countenance, telling of innumerable changes within—note his actions and search down to their motives. Impulse will prompt him to act kindly, while self-interest or pleasure bids him turn away from the kneeling beggar, and deny the asking friend; passion will tell him “strike,” while reason whispers “beware;” his sense of duty would induce him to act rightly, were it not for that demoniacal lust for gain which urges him on to cheat; society calls on him to mingle among men, and let what light he has shine, his love of solitude and self-communion keeps him in his closet; ambition goads him on to sacrifice social happiness, while the love he bears to the inmates of his home, leads him to sacrifice ambition; love of country sways the general returning from victory to yield up his sword to the state, love of power tells him to wield the sword for himself, at the expense of his country’s good. Reason, passion, prejudice, hatred, love, and many other motives act as causes for the conduct of his life. What a beautiful thing it is to see these exemplified, how we delight to know a friend so well that we can tell the why and wherefore of his every action.

A painting once seen, *thoroughly* studied and enjoyed, is seen, studied, and enjoyed forever. We find it the same upon a second examination as upon the first. A difference of opinion concerning it among different people being due to their opposing tastes, their different education, and the different qualities of their minds. And any new thoughts suggested by it to an individual, are due to the different state of feeling, or a change of mind and taste—not at all to any change in the painting. A landscape, on the other hand, is ever changing. We might with safety say that we can never find a landscape exactly the same, no matter how often we witness it. There are so many elements which enter in to give it character—as, for instance, the seasons, light and shadow, and the

presence or absence of rain and snow, and wind—that it is ever changing its appearance, and is hence calculated to produce different impressions. As regards man, have you ever, kind reader, found your friend exactly the same upon any two occasions? Is there not always something new peeping out, something which you before supposed was not in him? Does he not talk somewhat differently at each meeting, has he not grown better or worse, or received some new impression which alters his bearing, or read some book which has given him new ideas, and changed the current of his thoughts? Has he not now some new scheme on hand, which he would have you help to carry out? Do not the many motives we have above mentioned continually alter him? If you have found it so, are not the elements which enter into his constitution, more numerous than those in a landscape? Then, indeed, is he of more interest than a landscape, and in proportion as these elements are more numerous and more beautiful—and likewise is a landscape of more interest than a painting.

To become great artists, too, we must study man. In oratory this is clearly evident, since its whole aim is to impress man. It is true, also, in painting and poetry, which are excellent so far as they accord with what the love of the beautiful, deep seated in every man's nature, demands. To attain this excellency then, the artist must know what this love demands, which in its turn implies a study of nature and of man. Shakespeare, frequenting the haunts and mingling in the society of all kinds of men, is a great exemplification of this. The study of a man's character is a necessary condition to a perfect likeness. One's character is shown more in the predominant expression of his face than in his several features. The artist must then catch this expression, else he cannot give a likeness, no matter how truthfully each feature may be represented on the canvass.

Again, nature was made beautiful for man. In order, then, to appreciate it thoroughly, we must study man; we must know what kind of impressions peculiar scenes are calculated to produce. Landscapes, as with the productions of art, are more excellent, one than another, in proportion as they raise man's thoughts to the region of religion, as they lift him to communion with God. By knowing *how* man can be thus influenced, we are enabled to point out those landscapes which are most excellent. We can classify them by learning to distinguish certain prominent elements, which will influence man. Since different impressions are made on man by different landscapes, we can group and classify them.

Thus are art, nature, and man, intimately connected. They are capable of raising our thoughts from present sufferings, of elevating the tone of our morality, of yielding us infinite delight. Ever opening up to view some new, rare gem of beauty, they grow more absorbing in interest as we investigate their mysteries, and the ends reached fully atone for any amount of study we bestow upon them.

ONE'S OWN DAY-DREAM.

In the wanderings of spirit,
Isles of beauty undiscovered,
Heretofore by kindred natures
Greet the eye!

Clad in robe of waving velvet,
Chased with violets and roses,
How such tenderesses make us
Heave the sigh!

K

Other dream may be for other
Fair and beautiful as ours,
Sunny lake and laughing shower—
Waves of light.

Which in silence lave the long strand,
Ruby-red with rolling jewels,
Flashing as the giddy moonbeam
Reels thro' night!

Other dream may be for other,
Dream as beautiful as ours,
Losing rhapsody in languor
Of the soul.

Yet each spirit loves its own dream,
Calmly moulding its ideal—
Pulseless where the tides of glory
Ceaseless roll.

Is it that discerning fancy
Marshalls up from heart-remembrance,
Forms of being, which to move us
Crowd each scene.

Thick with wild youths' deathless longings—
Lost to spirit save that visions
Waked of memory 'midst earth's trials
Intervene.

As the dewy cloud of evening,
Hangs—a rapture lightly curling,
Into tint and smiling notice—
So with thought!

Would that soul could dwell forever
'Mid the gay creation floating,
Wafted of mild music's pinions
Thro' the heart!

THE EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

The feature, which is apparently most inconsistent with the general spirit of chivalry, is the religious. The explanation lies in the peculiar character of religion at that day. The light of Christianity streamed on the knight of the Middle Ages through the stained glass of a corrupt church, whose dogmas prohibited free inquiry. The religion of the times was not the pure spirit of christianity, which finds its proper sphere within the soul, and thence, by its plastic influence, moulds the outer life in accordance with its holy precepts. The earthly grandeur, and professed spiritual power of the church, held the minds of men in a bondage which the kindred trio, superstition, ignorance, and fanaticism, conspired to increase. Those impressive Gothic structures, which still remain as monuments of the times, are fit emblems of the gloomy grandeur of the church during the Middle Ages. Christianity then was little more to Europe than Mahommedanism to Asia, and that perverted spirit, which excited the chivalry of the Middle Ages to convert into an emblem of war the very instrument which had consummated the most wonderful deed of love, was of the same character with that fanaticism which speaks in the Allah Ackbar of the Mussulman. To this religious fanaticism the Crusades owe their origin. Civil causes, however, corroborated religious. The numberless independent barons throughout Europe needed some foreign expedition to indulge that love of adventure which was the leading feature of the age. The Crusades are the turning events of modern history. For centuries previous all things converged gradually toward their consummation, and after the long period of desolation, which attended their progress, Eu-

rope arose to renewed energy, and commenced the grand march of modern improvement.

The opinion, which is most generally prevalent concerning the Crusades, is that they were a wild and extravagant exertion of human energy, whose only effects were the prostration of those nations which engaged in them, immediately, and the retardation of human progress, mediately! We propose to consider their effects on Literature, Politics, and the Church.

That they exerted any influence on literature has often been entirely denied. A gap of nearly two centuries, between the last Crusade and the first revival of letters, has naturally led to this conclusion. They did not exert any *immediate* influence. The introduction of Oriental learning changed somewhat the character of the poetry which was produced by the Troubadours and Trouveres, but this was of little importance and short duration. A literary revolution, unlike a political, is not the sudden effect of a convulsion. A cause will operate secretly and with a slow development during a course of ages, until it is so far separated from its effects that close study will be necessary in order to trace the connection. Such was the influence of the Crusades on the literature of Europe. It was indirect and remote. They for the first time gave an impetus to the European mind by concentrating its attention on one external object, thus exerting a tendency towards an innovation in the old style of thinking, and towards the uprooting of deep seated prejudices. They threw together on terms of association, rendered closer by unity of end and interest, men and communities, which, under the Feudal system, would never have interchanged sentiments, thus producing a collision of intellect, which naturally resulted in the quickening of the energies of thought, and a powerful direction of them toward free inquiry. The intellectual resuscitation of Europe followed slowly but surely. Years elapsed be-

fore Dante opened the grand career of modern poetry; before Cervantes drew from his imagination the first fiction, still the springs of the intellectual stream which followed may be traced back with accuracy to their remote source in the Middle Ages.

The political aspect of Europe is easily explained. The baronial or feudal, and the ecclesiastical, were the only two real powers existing, and both were absolute despotisms. Royal authority was but a name. Overshadowed by the very principle to which it had given birth, it had seen its prerogatives, one by one, disclaimed by the powerful barons, and had gradually lost its hold upon territory, until nothing virtually remained to the king but the empty honor of a title. Still "that divinity which doth hedge in a king," and the contentions of the barons, each striving to turn to his own advantage the feeble remnant of a past power, preserved royalty during the turmoil of the Middle Ages, until in changing circumstances, rising as the antagonistic principle declined, kingly despotism was once more established throughout Europe. The monarch now, however, was king of the masses, having been elevated above feudal despotism by the co-operation of the people, who had thus taken one step upward in the scale of importance. Increasing civilization breathed more and more into man the spirit of civil liberty. Another conflict has commenced, and its course has been marked by the blood of tyrants. The decapitated heads of a Stuart and a Bourbon, the long dreary conflict of the Netherlands against Spanish tyranny, the war which resulted in the establishment of the English commonwealth, and our own glorious revolution, have shown to the world that another and a greater principle is evolving itself in the course of events—the principle of civil liberty. The last traces of the old conflict between the king and the baron have long since disappeared, but new forces are in the

field, and the principle of the combat is nearly the same. Veiled in the future are mighty events and grand conclusions, which other generations will behold, but to us the past has been a presage, and it requires not now the voice of an oracle to predict a consummation toward which all the influences of civilization are evidently tending, and the spirit of which is rapidly becoming diffused throughout the world. The Crusades underlie this great and continuous increase of civil liberty. They were the first innovations in the political conditions of Europe. They introduced new elements which led in their effects to new conclusions. "They contributed, undesignedly indeed, but forcibly, to the organization of communities, to the stability of governments, to the definition of human rights, and to the enlargement of civil liberty." They were also the first encouragers of commerce, which experience has shown to be a powerful civilizing agency. But by far their most beneficial immediate effect was felt in overturning the structure of feudalism. The entire decline of the feudal system occurred between the last Crusade and the sixteenth century. They not only impoverished many of the barons, but they were the medium of elevation to the innumerable hosts who partook in their dangers, and thus enjoyed the immunities which the Church extended to all Crusaders. Such were their effects politically, both immediate and remote.

The Crusades elevated the Roman Church to the greatest elevation it ever attained. As their effects in this case differ from those in the two former in being immediately felt, they differ from them too in being followed by a rapid decline. While they increased the power of the Church, they added vastly too to its abuses, and thus were the indirect causes of its downfall. Under a moderate system of error man may dream on for ages, but where flagrant inconsistencies and revolting abuses appear openly in an institution, its overthrow must inevita-

bly occur. The wealth which the Crusaders placed in the coffers of the Church was squandered in crushing out the spirit of free inquiry, and in deepening the shadow of superstition; the influence which they were the means of placing in the hands of the Roman See was employed in extirpating all traces of heresy, and in supporting a long and fearful career of cruelty. The Church became odious to mankind, and the result has been the knowledge of that pure religion which is at once the cause and the glory of modern advancement.

We have thus attempted briefly to show that the Crusades are not merely occurrences outside of the steady course of events which has marked the present cycle of civilization, but that they are vitally interwoven in the woof of modern history, furnishing all the materials to the historian during a long period, and giving a new direction to the onward march of enlightenment.

NAP.

DE PARTE MELIORE.

Notwithstanding the profound metaphysical disquisition, the subtle and logical essays, the elegant triumphs of oratory, and the passionate outbursts of poetry that usually grace the pages of our Magazine, we sometimes meet with an article, light and unpretending, which promulgates no new and startling doctrine, which is not expected to evoke the plaudits of the Faculty, and is not the production of some Senior who has spent his Junior year in the study of his darling theme. Such is "our piece," which is submitted to the readers of the Lit., with the hope that it may prove acceptable at least to those

who seek relief from the glare of the fires of eloquence, and the thunders of oratory.

Time out of mind, College life in some of its many phases has been the theme of the aspirant for distinction through these pages. A careless thinker may judge that the mine is well nigh exhausted ; but he looks no farther than the first straight shaft. There is yet many a rich vein starting from that very shaft, and ready to yield the solid metal to him who delves with earnest toil. Add one thing more : let the miner stamp his earnings with his own mark—let him impress upon them his image and superscription, and the tribute which is due will not be withheld. In view of these facts we venture a few words upon what has ever been, among students, a mooted point, viz : what is the best course to pursue in College ? It would be an exercise of no little benefit, to draw up a logical tree of division of the term student, for the principles of classification are many. We should have, for example, the gentleman and the snob—the genuine scholar and the fair seeming pedant—the dull and devout poler, and the giddy, careless man, whose heaven is in his smoke-wreaths, whose hatred is a recitation. But we shall leave this task until Senior Final remind us that the Prof. of Logic is wont to insist upon careful tabulation. In relation to the present inquiry we propose to divide the term student into the student proper, and the literary man. Each of these may be supposed to have a theory of his own, which he bears out in practice, and which he is prepared to support not only with abstract argument, but by adducing examples of its established truth. When the young literateur is asked why he pays so little attention to the routine of class, he says, perhaps, my preparation for College was wholly inadequate, and I have adopted my present line of conduct, in order that I may not be entirely debarred from improvement. Or again—I have a distaste for some special branches, which

injure my general standing. I cannot, therefore, take a high rank; but I am doing much better; I am storing my mind with History and Biography; I am reading deeply, and practising composition; I am occupied with the current literature of the day—in short, I am becoming a man, while my friend is slaving over text books, and is no less a boy than when he entered College. I shall never become a teacher if thrown on my own resources, for “much study is a weariness of the flesh”—but I had rather depend on my *pen* for a support. What advantage then can it be to me to know that the increment of nouns in *i* of the third declension is short—that the cissoid has an asymptote, or that *βασιλεύς* has seventeen synonyms. When the door of the Philosophical Hall closes upon me as a student, I shall cease to be haunted by the ghost of Ramsden, and I shall never exert even the least effort to countervail the two sixties of forgetfulness. Such would be the probable defence of one of the class whose conduct we are attacking. But how flimsy and unreal an argument! He selects a few isolated points in the line of College studies; scouts the idea of any practical good resulting from these, and triumphantly asks why he should seek to possess himself of them. The refutation is almost too plain to justify its statement. He gives us a striking example of the fallacy known to the Juniors as “*Fallacia accidentis*.” True, these isolated points are of little value in themselves—but without them, the line in which they lie is a broken one—and when taken in connection with the whole plan of instruction, of which they are constituent parts, they are of incalculable advantage. He might argue in the same way of every point on this singular educational curve, till he would conclude that he might waive the discussion of it altogether. Thus, the man who is looking forward to the law as his profession, decides that he will never be called on to solve an intricate problem in the calculus; and he who is destined to a life of mercantile

activity is satisfied that it will never be necessary for him to make straight the crooked lines of Thucydides. As the number of those who act upon this decision is not inconsiderable, it is well for the honor of their Alma Mater, that they are probably right. But the true ground of his action, we assert, is found in his own words, "I am becoming a man." This is the great desire of almost all our students, and they blindly follow what seems to them to be the shortest way to its attainment. The bare idea of being compelled to pursue a beaten track toward wisdom, is in the last degree revolting to these young American propensities. First in the experience of these malcontents comes the deep sense of injustice in the tyrannous effort of parents and Professors to confine their young and thirsty minds to such narrow and meagre limits; then follows the impulsive and wrathful resolve to submit no longer to such treatment; and last of all the clear, sagacious marking out of their future conduct, upon which they look with a pride that they think pardonable—seeing that they have so lately assumed what they conceive to be the true "*loga virilis*." In the joy of their hearts, they cry while they bid a condescending adieu to their late fellows,

"We have found a road to knowledge
Those proud scholars never knew."

But if we could follow them in their course along the road which they fondly hope leads them by short and easy stages to fame's proud steep, we should find that between them and that steep

"Hills peep o'er Hills and Alps on Alps arise,"

while the temple upon its summit, like the mirage of the desert, lures them still onward. When at last they discover that they have been following an "*ignis fatuus*" through the treacherous swamp to which they have trusted themselves, "pride, the never failing vice of

fools," prevents them from retracing their steps, and they wait to reform, till they have changed their associates. If it be true that a proselyte is ever the most virulent against those whom he has deserted, it would double the force of this attempted refutation, if we could present the testimony of such a one—for we have given a plain statement of what seems to be the truth. But none of these are to be found in College. It is not until they are launched on the tide of active life that they are willing to acknowledge that "the evil days have come in which they have no pleasure in them." And in the nature of things it must be so, for the mind of a young man in College is rarely so matured as to select a plan of literary study which will continue to give him satisfaction.

But let us go farther. There are those who have given themselves up to the soft seductions of the life of the literati, who have believed for a time that they had attained the Ultima Thule of their ambition—and who have been looked upon by their less pretentious companions as bright lights in the firmament of College glory. But when they leave the narrow circle to which they are here confined, and try their power in the world, the coloring of beauty with which they have invested their past, falls away and leaves it bare and unsatisfactory. The confession of one of this class was made in these words, which tell a valuable truth with forcible and commendable brevity—" *Crede experto*—a literary course in College is a humbug."

One other argument in support of the literary man, is sometimes brought forward as a last resort. He says that some such men are necessary to the credit of the College, that competition may be secured for the honors of the Societies, and for the character of the College publication. But it is not necessary, as regards this, to ask more than who, in the main, are editors—who prize men—who the best Hall members? A faithful answer to

this will settle all doubts that might otherwise be raised. They cannot justify themselves. Though they tax their ingenuity to the utmost, to invent arguments in their behalf—though they may wield logic with no less vigor than Macauley himself—though they may for a time delude themselves into the pleasing belief that they are right, and that the rest of men, like the eleven obstinate jurors, are wrong—yet sooner or later the scales of error will fall from their darkened eyes, and they will mourn their vanished years.

But are there no arguments in defence of the genuine student? The main argument we would draw from the acknowledged advantages of a thorough classical education. No one can be insensible to this. It enlarges our conception of the power and strength of language, as the vehicle of thought, by increasing our knowledge of words. It is the most fertile and available source of elegance, and pleasing variety of style in composition. It gives to any production an air of finish, which the mere "labor limæ" never can impart. Compare the writings of Tom Payne with those of Macauley, or of Addison, and we will need no other proof. The one abounds in strong, vigorous thought—embodied in language that is devoid of ornament—and plain almost to severity. The other dresses thought, no less original, in the graceful drapery of classic language—and is replete with delicate and artistic strokes in the mode of expression. And this beauty of expression should not be looked upon as superfluous—for the gem that flashes in the mine is not less a diamond, but only more bright when set with the jeweler's utmost skill, and polished by the lapidary's highest art. A knowledge of the classics teaches us the art of rounding our periods—of availing ourselves of the beauty flowing from well-ordered rhythm—and gives us, in short, a control over all the oral properties of style. It is an inexhaustible fund of illustration—and an intimate acquaintance with

mythology is a sure guarantee against the want of a simile. Sargent Prentiss used to say, that his Lempriere was necessary to his full equipment, and that in a political speech, when all else failed, an allusion to the shirt of Nessus or the labors of Hercules, was a sure passport to the will of the people. These are facts which ought to weigh well with embryo literateurs, for they all profess to make it their aim to excel as essayists, or as orators. Upon the testimony of all who have studied the subject truly, we tell them that the models of eloquence are not found in this strong, vigorous, straight-forward language of ours, but in the orations of Demosthenes and Æschines, of Socrates and Isæus, and Cicero.

But the other branches of a Collegiate education are deserving of all the labor which even the most thorough student bestows upon them. The study of mathematics does train the mind. Its subtle processes and searching analyses cannot be intelligibly prosecuted without strengthening the reasoning powers, and facilitating the detection of error in every sphere. It is matter of observation that a mathematical mind is, with rare exceptions, a well balanced mind, and intellect is as much exalted by an equable expansion, as the body is rendered comely by roundness of limb and fitness of proportion. Symmetrical development of the mental faculties is the proper aim of every system of education, and this, we hold, can only be ensured by the faithful prosecution of some rational and exhaustive plan. He who has thus disciplined his mind, possesses an advantage over one who has been subjected to no such training, similar to that which a general, furnished with drilled troops, versed in the tactics of strategy, and equipped with all the arms and munitions of modern warfare, would have over an opponent who commanded only raw recruits, and these fitted out with the pike and short sword, instead of the bayonet and the Damascus blade—

the antiquated firelock, instead of the deadly rifle. An old figure, in spite of its triteness, will best convey the generalization which, in conclusion, we repeat from many and worthy authorities. What we learn in College, is but the foundation on which we are to build hereafter, and if that be of poor materials, or badly constructed, our building will end in folly. But if we have laid that strong and deep, we may erect upon it a superstructure which shall weather the shock beneath which many a brilliant but erratic genius would fall; and we may at last crown it with a dome which shall beautify and adorn the less imposing pillars on which it rests, while it strengthens and protects the finished fabric.

We may add in conclusion a few examples of distinguished men—distinguished for their attainments while in College—no less than in the broader lists of the world. Among our own graduates we mention Hon. Mr. Dallas, Vice President; and J. V. L. McMahon, of Baltimore—both first honor men, and both eminent in legal lore. At Yale College, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clayton were both distinguished for their masterly scholarship, and were both noted in after life for excellence in composition and forensic skill. The same is true of Webster and Choate, at Dartmouth. Let the student who aims at pre-eminence in oratory, study the writings of such a man as Everett—let him pore over the bequests that Webster and Choate have made to the nation, and to the language—let him decide for himself whence came that art of ornamenting all they touched—let him not refuse to act upon the conviction which a candid examination must force upon him—and then he shall not need to sigh for “time elaborately thrown away.”

TRIBUTE TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The names that deathless fame has made its own,
On Time's high, massive brow, are graven deep,
Where seeds of sin and sorrow still are sown,
And furrowed lines of thought must darkly sweep.
The last—but oh not thus—the lowest name,
Relentless death has ever chiselled there,
Now shines in glowing characters of flame,
And shall forever undimmed glory wear.
Immortal Franklin! thou whose will sublime
Hath borne Britannia's flag to every clime,
No more thy fate in mystery is wrapt,
No more thou'lt tread the deck—a Briton true—
Thy fathers trod before. No more the crew
Shall spread the snowy canvass at thy word,
And joy to see their craft by billows lapt.
The deck was thy last battle field—thy home
The boundless ocean. Now thy soul must roam
Where ocean's thunder never shall be heard.
What though thou rest not in those abbey walls,
Where Britain's great men slumber, gone before?
What though upon thy dust no tear drop falls,
Wrung from a widowed heart by anguish sore?
The great blue dome above, "not made with hands,"
Looks down in grandeur on thy narrow bed,
The dews of heaven, at God's omnipotent commands,
Like angel's tears, are o'er thee nightly shed.
The towering mountains of enduring ice
Rear high their cloud-capt heads from earth away,
A nobler monument than man's device,
To mark the turfless ground that wraps thy clay.
O'er mountain waves two nations made their march
Far to the regions of the Northern Light,
Where sea and sky blend in one awful arch
That symbolizes death, in robes of white.
And through the aisles that thread this frozen waste
Columbia's tars with Britain's sped their way,
All their rough nature by their object graced,—
To find where faded Franklin's grateful ray.
Sadly they sought, but sadder still they found
The spot, where burst the chords of lingering life,
And backwards to the sorrowing nations round
They bore the tale—and to a noble wife,
Who in the beauty of affection sought

By each device that woman's love might know,
 To learn the worst those lonely years had wrought,
 Since sad suspense had proved a source of woe.
 The lingering hope within the world's great breast
 Though long it bravely throbbed—now throbs no more,
 And woman's tender love that will not rest,
 Has lost the half expectant gleam it wore.
 But all lament the noble soul that's flown—
 While serving science to the great white throne.

LINES.

My heart expanded like a flower
 Too early blown,
 Uncherished by mild April-showers,
 Or rearing sun!

Where it lies withered others wave
 In crimson dress,
 Their leaves the night-dews mildly lave
 Soft winds caress!

What tho' they dance and sing aloud!
 All! all must die;
 The sparkling dew shall glide a shroud
 From noiseless sky.

The summer drops which sank in showers,
 Now wintry frost,
 With biting tongue shall nip the flowers—
 Their beauty lost!

Thus hearts awoken at a sigh
 To thrills of love,
 And by that glance are doomed to die
 In which they thrive!

Where! where on earth poor fleeting one
 Can longing find,
 Or linger there beneath yon sun—
 A steadfast mind!

Say! is love's ecstasy a balm,
And to be given,
That heart alone which spirit-calm
Unfolds in heaven.

Alas! that God's discerning lot
Should call so few,
And myriad souls should die for what
They never knew!

My heart clasp, thou the Infinite,
Thy treasure find,
Thou' approbation in his sight
The purest kind!

Earth's jewels flash the gaudy ray,
An hour's joy;—
The diamond's lustre wells from clay
A base alloy!

Seek thou for truths immutable
As God's own throne!
Feel thou that joys of spirit well
From God alone!

D.

PUNCH.

We are told in a charming book of travel, written by Kinglake, the author of *Eothen*, that among the most interesting discoveries of ancient art made in Pompeii, was that of a large and beautiful painting of Bacchus and some satyrs around a large cauldron. It was found by a party of English travelers, who by gracious permission of the King of Naples, and the payment of a few scudi, were permitted to explore the ruins. This picture was for a long time an object of interest to the scientific world, both on account of its beauty, and of the scene it was supposed to represent. Quite a long article was

written on it, going to show that witchcraft was not the vulgar thing it had generally been supposed to be, but that it had taken firm hold in the Roman minds, and had been honored by the patronage of one of their chief divinities. This hypothesis, (not theory by any means), we think is not supported by the facts of the case, as will be most abundantly shown. First, the expression of countenance of Bacchus, (as will be seen by looking at an engraving of the picture in "*Pompeii Illustrated*"), is one of perfect joy; such joy as we imagine must have overspread the face of the noble Genoese, when first he beheld land; or that joy which, merging into a beatific smile, steals over the countenance of an under-classman when he has solved his first "original." Next, from the fact that this same joy seems to irradiate the faces of a group of satyrs who are in the background, and who, far from preserving that solemnity befitting the occasion, are testifying their delight by most uproarious demonstrations, and appear to be brandishing most capacious, well-worn, wooden drinking bowls. We think that this conduct is most unseemly, and if this picture were intended to represent anything in connection with witchcraft, so important an element as solemnity would not have been omitted. Therefore, for this simple reason, these tripods, wizards, et cetera, are nothing but ideal notes, which floated in the sunbeams that illuminated the mind of the doating man of science. Having thus disposed of the man of science, we will now show what it was ourselves. And to do this it is only necessary to lay down a few general and well defined principles. These are that certain persons, in certain cases, and under circumstances analagous, are accustomed to testify their joy in the same manner. And when we see the expression of this joy we can reason backwards to the presence of the cause. To put the case. Is there not, reader, treasured up in some quiet nook or recess of your

memory the recollection, preserved with marvelous accuracy, how you know not—it may have floated in on the top wave of returning consciousness the next morning, as pearls and bright shells, and waifs from the tropics sometimes drift ashore—preserved in what manner it may be, the recollection is sharp and well defined; how on some cold winter night, when the snow was white and crisp without, yet all warm and pleasant within, a crowd of merry fellows were gathered around a hot stove? How they anxiously awaited the heating of the water? How when the fragrant compound was brewed, they filled drinking vessels of all descriptions, from the dark green glass to the gracefully shaped goblet? and how they sipped and drank with the greatest gusto, all the while with a most benign expression of countenance? Now we contend that this expression of countenance is perfectly analagous to that seen in the picture. And this, taken in connection with the character of *Bachus* and crew, proves conclusively that this represents the discovery of *Punch*, thus showing the respectability and age of that venerable compound. To reproduce this picture in our own day, we have only to substitute for cauldron, et cetera, a coal stove and tin kettle, for satyrs, “fellows;” and for *Bachus* some worthy Senior, grown wise in the mixing of such compounds, whose olfactory nerve has become so nicely disciplined by experience that he can tell to a spoonfull the ingredients of the mixture.

Having called attention to the early origin of *Punch*, and also its existence in our midst, we might proceed to connect these prominent facts with a string of historical instances wherein *Punch* has played a prominent part. Though this might be interesting and instructive, there would be a considerable objection against any such method of treating the subject, that is, the necessary length. We all know that punches, possets, &c., cheered the hearts and strengthened the arms of Prince Rupert’s

men before the headlong charge; and also that it was not neglected by those hardy independents who withstood their onset at Naseby and Edgehill, who, if they did keep their powder dry, were not so particular in respect to their mouths. We all remember how the sturdy Covenanter, after listening for hours on the hillside to the saintly Rutherford and Cameron, thought it no sin to restore his strength by a mixture of the water from the mountain spring and that dew which had been distilled in some cavern, far from the ken of the excise man, (who, by the way, they hated and resisted as much as they did prelacy.) We read in history how the insurgent Netherlander extemporized a punch from the all present schnapps, "being mixed in a helmet, it made a verie good punch;" whereby they renewed their strength and were able on the next day to cast from the dyke the bloody soldiery of Alva. If these instances do not soften the prejudices of many who are conscientiously opposed to punch in all its forms, we can only refer them to the course of Mr. Pickwick, who was a brilliant example of what punch could do toward perfecting the human character. We would consider this short article incomplete if we neglected to mention that princely mixture which bears the humble name of "Fish House Punch." The composition of this is a profound mystery. All fluids seem to lend their good qualities, while they withhold their evil ones, or rather so act and react on each other as to hold them in a kind of hydrostatical equilibrio.

Mindful as we would be of all the virtues of Punch, its antiquity, the important part it has played in the history of nations; how in war it has bedewed the beard of some strong warrior, while it infused valor into his soul and strength into his arm, or in peace has flushed the cheek of beauty, and cheered the dull hours of student life; yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that it has been a potent instrument of evil, a destroyer of many precious op-

portunities and priceless moments, while to many in our midst it has been that liquid—

"In which like a pearl dissolving,
Has sunk, and dissolved the soul."

FIESOLE.

Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn,
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning, redeem'd to a new morn.

CHILDE HAROLD.

Florence, situated in the beautiful valley of the Arno, is surrounded by hills rich in natural scenery. On every side are princely villas, where nature and art have bestowed their choicest gifts. But perhaps there is no place among its environs more interesting in itself, and commanding a more extensive and richly varied view than Fiesole.

The crumbling walls of its amphitheatre, its ancient church and gloomy monastery serve to recall the scenes of other days. It was to this place that Cataline fled after his conspiracies at Rome; and here for centuries statesmen have sought quiet and repose, and poets and artists have found ample field for meditation and study.

At the present day the traveler finds abundant pleasure not only in visiting its ruins, but in studying the habits and manners of the dusky peasants, who, ignorant

of the past and regardless of the future, live happy in their simple occupations.

The light hearted maid offers her basket of luscious fruit, and with a smiling "*grazia*" for the pittance she receives, trips along singing her native song. In speaking of the songs of Tuscany, Cooper says, "There is one air in particular which is used with all sorts of words, and which is in the mouth of all the lower classes. The soldier sings of war to it, the sailor of storms and seas, the gallant of his adventures, and the young girl of her love." Among this class one finds most that is interesting and original; they retain in their dress and manners a certain nationality, while their beauty generally exceeds that of their more luxurious neighbors.

On the very verge of the hill stands the old Franciscan Monastery. The stern aspect of the exterior tends to check the flow of light and happy thoughts, but as one is admitted by a gray haired monk, and hears the heavy iron door close behind him, thoughts of the outward world vanish, and a solemn awe creeps over him. The cold silent halls seem more like the resting place of the dead than an abode of the living.

He feels relieved when the deep tone of the monastery bell breaks the deathlike silence. One by one the shaven monks issue from their narrow rooms, and tread their way noiselessly to the chapel. Then a low chant is heard, interrupted now and then by the repetition of a Latin prayer, the echo dies along the halls, and all is still again.

From an open casement at the end of the building a scene of unrivalled beauty bursts upon the view. Below lies Florence. The bright Arno passing through the city winds its way in the distance until it appears like a silver cord and is lost among the hills. Vines and fruit trees seem ready to break beneath their delicious burden, and flowers of every hue add life and beauty to the

scene, and load the passing breeze with perfume. The "Garden of Italy" lies basking in the warm sunlight, while in the distance the lofty Apenines capped with snow, stand as sentinels to shield it from every chilly blast. Every spire and dome in the city below seems to stand as a monument of the mighty dead. There rises the grand "Duomo" which Michael Angelo only hoped to equal, and by its side the "Baptistry," whose bronze gates he said were fit for the portals of heaven. The eye wanders over palaces and churches but rests on the "Santa Croce." The exterior is neither imposing nor beautiful, but—

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality."

There are the tombs of Angelo, Dante and Galileo, the "man of four souls," the poet and the astronomer.

It is pleasant to spend an hour in a place like Fiesole, far above the city, and to indulge in the thoughts to which the scene gives rise; to forget for a while the things of to-day, and in imagination to go back to the scenes of other ages.

But the approach of evening warns the traveler to wend his way toward Florence, and his dreams give place to the necessary, if not very poetic thoughts, of the good cheer and sparkling wines that await him. As he passes the groups of peasants returning from the city, curiosity sometimes tempts him to ask some simple question, and if by any chance he succeeds in making himself understood, he thanks them graciously, as though he comprehended one word of the response, and goes on his way musing on the various phases of Italian life.

TARIFF.

The subject of a protective policy, at all times one of deep interest, has in the present posture of our national affairs, assumed a commanding importance. Perhaps no one question agitated in our public councils has excited such fierce and bitter contests, or brought into conflict superior energies of mind. There is an absolute obligation upon every government, and particularly ours, to protect the industry of its own inhabitants against foreign rivalry. In sustaining this proposition fortunately it will not be necessary to enter into tedious statistical details, and far less will it be important to combat the shadowy subtleties and air-built theories of political economy. The subject should be treated as a plain practical one. In order to do this we must define terms. What is a tariff? Simply a schedule of the rates of tax or duty which government imposes upon the introduction of foreign products or merchandise, designed for a two fold purpose of raising a revenue, and of guarding and preserving the domestic, home-born and vital interests of a country. We are all aware that this definition is widely different from that usually given by the trader in politics, but we are endeavoring to consider this question in its true light, and upon its own intrinsic merits entirely, apart from the prejudices of party. The true point upon which the whole tariff controversy turns is the expediency and constitutional right of so regulating the duties as to afford adequate protection to home interest. We affirm then, that there is a high and solemn obligation imposed upon every nation to guard and preserve its own peculiar interest from all injurious rivalry and interference. If the man who neglects to provide for his household is worse than an infidel, the government which does not

provide for its household is much more criminal, as the happiness of millions is of much more importance than the comfort of a single family. It is useless to discuss the question how much or how little protection may be necessary; whether a tax of fifteen or ninety per cent. will produce the desired result.

The result itself is the great object to be accomplished. It is the sacred duty of government, at every hazard and at any cost, first to provide the means and material of national defense; and secondly, to secure to its citizens that constant and regular employment which will yield all the necessities and comforts of life. But say the advocates of free trade, all this may be very true, and yet protection not necessary. Let us alone, they say; things will regulate themselves; men are always wise enough to discern and follow their true interest; they can take very good care of themselves without government intermeddling with private concerns. These and many other similar sayings constitute the vocabulary of the amiable theorists. It is a species of small change, which, like copper medals resembling genuine coin, being repeatedly forced into circulation, acquire some degree of credit, though of no intrinsic value. If there be any truth in this self regulating principle, why is it not applicable to other things, as well as to the commercial policy of nations? Why not let men settle their own disputes and controversies without the intervention of Courts? Why not abolish the laws against gaming and other offences, which are many inconvenient restraints upon the freedom of individual action, but which have been placed upon the statute book for the general welfare of society? If men are sufficiently astute in perceiving and pursuing their own interest, why deprive the wealthy proprietors of the soil of the privilege of entailing their estates upon their eldest sons? In truth these specious but sophistical maxims lose sight altogether of the great ruling spirit

that society is bound so to legislate as to afford the greatest good to the greatest number. The interest of individuals, and the interest of the community, so far from always harmonizing, are frequently in direct conflict. Men might derive great profit from some occupation or pursuit which would be dangerous to the place, morals or wealth of the community, and commerce might be so regulated as to produce great *individual* wealth, and much national impoverishment. The maxim of "Let us alone" would be a very convenient protection to outlaws and pirates, but is altogether inapplicable to a law governed community. It is only another version of the trite quotation "That they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." But there is another objection urged against the protection of American industry. "To foster manufactories by high duties," say some, "is not only injurious to agriculture, but is taxing one portion of the community for the benefit of another." Even if such be the case it is still maintained upon the general good, that one half of the population ought not to be reduced to low diet and scanty clothing in order that the other half may be provided with superfluities and luxuries. But the fact itself is not admitted. Injurious to agriculture? Why it has grown into a familiar saying that commerce and manufactures are the handmaids of agriculture. She is mistress, it is true, and the extent and magnificence of her domain, her venerable antiquity, the variety of her riches, the splendor of her temple and its garniture, have all given her a queenly superiority over her less pretending, but not less industrious handmaids. She too indirectly gives them support, but they yield her an ample equivalent. While commerce wafts her productions to other climes, manufactures provide a more constant and unvarying market at her door. If she extracts from earth's bosom the sustenance of life, her faithful ministers provide for her in return by their in-

genuity, and by an endless variety of comfort and facilities. To encourage manufacture is in fact the most effectual mode of encouraging agriculture. Agriculture is never carried to such perfection in countries exclusively agricultural, as in those where both pursuits flourish together.

But the objection most frequently urged is not so much to manufactures as such as those of domestic origin. Upon the frequently confounded supposition that when protected they cost more to the American consumer than would the products of foreign industry, in the absence of protection. This, it is apprehended, is the chief point in the controversy. The selfish chord in the human heart has been played upon, by the oft repeated assertion that the operatives of Leeds and Birmingham, of Sheffield and Manchester, will furnish us the fruits of their labors upon cheaper terms than the ingenious and enterprising citizens of our own country. In vain has it been urged a thousand times that even if foreign fabrics could be purchased upon equal terms, yet that the spirit of true patriotism should induce us to pay the tax for the sake of our country's independence. In vain has it been urged that no nation could be truly wise and pure that looks to foreign supplies for essentials. In vain has it been alleged, upon the testimony of facts and experience, that the consumer of manufactures is more than indemnified for any supposed enhancement of price by the regularity and steadiness of a home market, in addition to the foreign, for all his raw material and agricultural productions. In vain has it been repeatedly argued as more humane, more congenial with republican institutions, and in fact less expensive to pay a reasonable tax upon our own consumption, provided thereby our fellow citizens of all classes are kept in regular employment.

But in truth, is not the whole doctrine of the superior cheapness of foreign productions a palpable delusion?

Without descending to particulars, it is not true the higher the tax the cheaper the article? Home competition is created and excited by protection, and without protection home competition will die.

Having noticed most of the popular objections to a protective system, let us look at the great argument in its favor, its tendency to promote national independence. If individual independence is desirable, how much more so is that of a nation? If this is the tendency of a protective system, if it is calculated to develope and expand the gigantic resources of this mighty nation, if it will extend the cause of science, and thereby invigorate the human mind; if to the mass of society, the workingmen of the country, the bone and sinew, in a word the palladium of the nation, it will give constant and remunerative employment; if it will not only preserve, but has a tendency to increase our independence, it must commend itself to every true patriot.

A TRIP TO BLENNERHASSET'S ISLAND.

Near the close of the summer vacation of '59, three young men, including the author, determined on an excursion to the far-famed island of Blennerhasset. Three young ladies consented to accompany us, and it gives me unfeigned pleasure to state to the readers of the "Lit." that not one of the number was named "Mag," for that name might produce as disastrous effects upon the *I-maginations* of future editors, as it has upon their predecessors. On the contrary, each one bore the simple and beautiful name of Mary.

Upon Mr. F*** L*** and myself devolved the responsibility of making the preparations, saving and excepting the viands, which were prepared by the fair hands of our lady friends. Everything appeared favorable as we retired to rest on the evening previous to our departure; during the night, however, the clouds collected and poured down copious showers. Affairs looked dismal enough as we made our appearance at the breakfast table on the following morning, and were greeted with the encouraging remark that "you will have to postpone your trip for to-day."

Now I flatter myself, that I am not easily discouraged by unfavorable circumstances, so after ransacking my brain, and calling up all my knowledge of "winds," "clouds," and "condensation," I replied, that "because it was cloudy in the morning, it did not follow that we would not have a pleasant day, for these very clouds, which you now see, were formed during the night, when the temperature of the atmosphere was much less than it will be during the day. As the sun rises higher, the temperature of the air will be raised, and consequently its capacity for holding moisture increased. These clouds will then be absorbed by the rarified air, and will disappear, and the result will be a pleasant day."

In spite of my theory, and the doctrine of the winds and storms, the morning still remained cloudy, and I began to think, that, in order to preserve the reputation of "Old Nassau," it was time to study out some scientific reason for the failure of my position, when the clouds began to separate, and the sun occasionally showed his face from behind his fleecy veil.

At 3 P. M., we called upon the ladies, and found them ready to the minute. (I make note of this because it so rarely happens.) We then escorted them to the boat which was in waiting at the wharf; we were soon on board, and "floating down the river on the Ohio." The

time passed merrily (*Maryly*) away, until we came within about three rods of the shore, when suddenly the bottom rose to the surface, and put a stop to our further progress. A council of war was called, when it was proposed that, since the ladies were "dear little ducks," they could go ashore without difficulty, and the boat, being thus lightened, would float nearer the shore, and the gentlemen could then land. Whereupon one of the ladies declared that I was a great *goose*, which was not received with *hisses*, as it should have been. Having a better understanding, (thanks to my shoemaker, and not to the Faculty,) I was selected, as the proper person, to wade ashore and draw the skiff to land, which I accordingly proceeded to do, and soon had the satisfaction of landing the fair ones on the pebbly shore.

Leaving the boat, we strolled leisurely along the beach, gathering curious pebbles, until we came to a road which leads up to Blennerhasset's old place. This road, which winds through a grove of magnificent old vine-covered trees at the head of the island, we followed until we came to an elevated spot, where there was a new small frame house, partially hidden by a grove of fine old locust trees, in which grove once stood the home of Blennerhasset. The cellar which formerly stood beneath his house, is still there, and is now made use of by the inmates of the neighboring house, as a cellar, they having covered it over with timbers, and heaped a mound of earth upon it.

While we stood looking at the cellar, one of the young ladies raised some doubts as to its antiquity, which were immediately dispelled by L., who said, that what might be its age he would not pretend to say, but that one thing was certain, that its entrance was constructed before the advent of hoops. This remark, taken in connection with the fact that there has been no house on this spot since the time of Blennerhasset, until within a year or two, decided the question.

A few steps from the cellar is the old well, which has lately been cleared of its rubbish, and now affords excellent water. Having procured some relics in the shape of pieces of wood thrown up from the bottom of the well, we returned to the head of the island, and having found a suitable shady place, we constructed some rude seats, and sat down to a repast, prepared by the ladies for the occasion.

The island is situated in the Ohio, one and a half miles below P., which is in full view. It extends three or four miles down the river, and is about one half of a mile wide in its widest part, and is one of the most fertile spots in the Ohio valley. Although our visit was made at the close of a severe and protracted drought, yet the corn on the island stood from 12 to 15 feet in height, and appeared very strong and vigorous. The island is divided into two fine farms, and has three or four houses upon it. The soil is of a sandy loam and very fertile. This island sometimes overflows, although the high ground in the middle is some fifty feet above low water mark. In 1832, 1848, and once since that time, the water rose above the island, but not so as to damage the houses to any extent.

By the time we had finished our repast, it was almost sunset, and we began to make preparations for our return. Bearing in mind the difficulty which we had experienced in landing, it was arranged that L. and I should bring the boat around to a little cove on one side of the island, in order that the ladies might get on the boat more easily. On this side there was a strong current, caused by a long wing dam, built from the head of the island to the other shore, and turning the water from that side over upon the side where we were to get on board the boat; but unfortunately for us, we did not take this into consideration. We proceeded to the place where the boat was

lying, and having launched it, got on board and glided smoothly around into the cove, where the ladies were waiting our arrival. Having taken them on board, we started back, and here we had an opportunity of verifying what we had heard *currently* reported, i. e., "that it is much easier to move with the current than against it." L. had the oars and was working away with such a good will, as led us to believe that we would soon be above the "rapids." Acting on this supposition, we waved our handkerchiefs, and bade farewell to some individuals seated on the opposite bank, who were regarding our operations with interest. About ten minutes after our attention was again directed to the shore, and you can imagine our astonishment at seeing the same persons seated in the same relative position as before, for we had not moved one foot.

It soon came my turn at the oar, and I feel free to say that I would have given a "V" in *current* money, if the boat had been twenty rods further up the stream. The ladies (dear souls,) did all they could to assist, for while the gentlemen, like (gal)ley slaves did the *rowing*, the ladies laughed and *rode*. I pulled and pulled away, until the perspiration came trickling down my face, and strange as it may appear, as fast as my *collar* wilted, my *choler* rose, until I vowed that I would take that boat up into smooth water, or bid farewell to sublunary things in the attempt. It was not long before we rounded the head of the island and came into smooth water, when I resigned my oars to L., who caused the boat to glide smoothly through the water to its destined port.

V.

Editor's Table.

Just as the clown vaults into the ring with the same motley wear and the same painted smile as ever, though he knows full well that his pay is overdrawn, his wife sick, and his own heart-strings all ajar, so we seat ourselves at our own Table, offering the time honored congratulations to our readers, though we are painfully conscious of being about as fit for the Editorial Chair, as "Old Buck" has been for the Presidential, (forgive, kind reader, this Whately-transgressing sentence.) Nevertheless we seat ourselves, dip *stylus in pixide*, and rap with our gavel upon the desk "Attention." For now is assumed the omnipotent *we*. And it is right for Editors to call themselves *we*, since the component elements thereof—*egomet ipse plus egomet ipse*—guarantees us at least one editorial requisite, viz: *binocular vision*. Therefore we demand attention, (*Intentique ora tenebant*.)

We are entirely certain that Job, although he held many high positions, was never an Editor. For had Lucifer plagued him, patient as he was, with all the worry bustle, cute-bunting, proof-reading, contribution-begging, subscription-dunning, head-aching, heart-burning, qualms, alms, psalms, blessings, and everything but calms and balms, which hedge the editorial existence about as closely as crinoline encloses *ma chere*; in a word, had the Devil, in the intensity and *ultima ratio* of his malice, compelled the unfortunate and parboiled Job to become the editor of a literary journal, then, we are sure of it, Satan would have taken "that trick." Indeed, should any one inquire of us the much disputed site of Purgatory, we would answer boldly and without hesitation, "Thou seest it, 'tis at this Table—in this Chair."

Nevertheless, here is the Table, laden down, and we propose to lecture to thee upon the *λσκητα* thereupon strewn, oh, *benevole lector*, and to invite thee cordially "*Epulis acenmbre dicum*." So fortify thy ears, for wonder, because if "wonder is broken knowledge," it is probable that you will have to draw most largely upon an exploded bank in perusing this Table; may thy drafts and cheques, however bogus and nothing worth, oh dilecte, yet prove emphatically "*notes of admiration*" [*sic!!!*] and "*of lengthened sweetness long drawn out*."

You are seated at the Table, dear reader, *vis a vis* to us, and we carve for you, if indeed conversation is but carving, and as it is hardly yet time for us to be under the Table, (this not being a senior supper,) we are compelled to be on the Table, and doubtless the reader wishes us beyond the Table.

There are two ways of being on the Table, one being corporally, the other exegetically; which last we shall treat first, in accordance with the rule laid down by Aristotle, that we should proceed from generals to particulars. This law is not only observed in politics, when we express our disapprobation of the Hon. Doodle's course, by burning his old clothes in effigy, nor is it only followed by young ladies, in the matter of being helped to chicken "oh! any part Mr. Editor, I am not particular, but if you insist, if I must choose, I'll take a piece of the—h'm—buzzum." But also it prevails about College, and it is almost invariably adopted by members of the Junior Class, who beginning the session with manful gymnastics upon the wide arena of the mathematical lecture room, and its Cocytan lake of black-board,

and remarkably prone, just before "Quarterly," to "simmer down," and subside into a tumultuous mid-night commitment of Prof.—'s privates.

Ezegetically, then of the origin of Editor's Table. A question vexata, but we have succeeded in tracing out its origin and we take great pleasure in laying it before our readers. When Ulysses started on his last voyage, rendered desperate by the long tongue of his good Penelope, who never would cease bragging about her own virtue, and flinging up to him his "awful doings" with Calypso and Circe, Old Mentor came to the ship lugging along a barrel of papyrus, upon which he requested Ithacus, as a favor, to write down his adventures "*currente calamus*," as they occurred. In this the crafty complied, and after many days, when the rolls were all written over, he had his reward. For it came to pass that they were shipwrecked upon a desert island in mid ocean, and Ulysses went ashore on the barrel which floated despite its heavy weight. And when his companions came in on the waves, he dragged them to the beach, and by rolling them on the barrel he brought them all to life again. Now this island was inhabited by some very foul Harpies, called *Carrics*, who did so miserable bespatter the voyagers, and foul their food, that they were nigh unto starving, and had no peace of mind. Then the Crafty, bethinking himself of some remedy, went to his barrel, and selected certain rolls of papyrus, containing divers lies, and rare statements, and philosophical wit. Then he cut them up and dipped them into a pot, and boiled them, seasoning the mess with divers minor excerpts, which his editorial scissors had lighted upon, such as mathematical problems, stale puns, jokes for the marines, &c., &c. Then having privily instructed his comrades, he brought the broth to the Table, crying in a loud voice, come to the table *της εδηςτος αλλοτρεας*, whereupon his followers dipt in their helmets and made out as if eating. But the foul Harpies, the critics, misunderstanding, as is their wont, did greedily plunge in head foremost. And thereupon there came a great cry from them, for they were sick with the sickness of disgust. And they immediately spread their wings for flight and never again returned to the island. And such was the potency of this food, that certain sailors, inhaling its fumes, whilst making pretence to eat, were plunged into a deep sleep, and from which they have never entirely recovered, the seven sleepers of Ephesus being of the number of their descendants. And from this Ithacan feast, the name Editor's Table, by Harpies given, hath been handed down to this day, (Plut. de Ult. Peregrin Ulix, Chap. CCCIX, p. 111.040.)

Benevole lector, art thou surprised to find us mounted corporeally upon the Table after that. But nevertheless we are seated upon it, and it shall be our Tripod. Its legs were hewn from the Dodonian oak; its baize covering, was once a wreath of bays around yon Sminthean brow. To what *base* uses do we come.

Seated in our sanctum with this dilapidated remnant of classic wood, we were half disposed to bewail to ourselves the miseries of a sunless editorial existence. Through a veil of tears, we were looking out upon life—itsself a *vale* of tears to our lugubrious vision—and to crown our wretchedness we fancied we beheld the ghosts of former Editors menacing us with hellish fury, and forbidding us to steal their puns, which we have no intention of doing, since they too much resemble Iago's purse. But we console ourselves with the knowledge that "there is a good time coming," and that this profession is, in the language of one of our Professors, transient, not static.

Under our table, most patient, benevolent, and long suffering reader, you will

find a *Basket*, which, in every well regulated editorial concern, is devoted to the reception of scraps, odds and ends, scissorings, news, jokes; to letters and communications received, and to books which expect to be noticed. Our basket does not seem full this month, but still usually it is the case that you will find here things that "*Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocra, sunt malaplena.*" We will thrust in our hand and take hap hazard.

1st. A new book which has been handed to us is *Pomona*, a poem by Pippin, of Newtown, published by Appletons'. This poem, just from the *press*, is undoubtedly *fruitful*; it has *core*.

2d. We have derived great pleasure from "A discussion of the Cycloidal arc; its dimensions and properties." By S. A. This is a graphic description of the great vessel now being built in New York, to prepare against the flood to be caused by the next comet. It proves clearly the capacity of the ship for its purpose, and demonstrates undoubtedly that Noah's ark is not only obsolete, but a complete wreck.

3d. *Notes and Queries*. A correspondent favors us as follows, "*Optat aprum aut descendere monte leonem.*" If the young Nimrod had come to Nassau while hunting, he would have had fine sport with the first, and also with certain animals who delight to strut *sub pelle leonis*, and who keep the disguise up moderately well so long as they retain their tongues *intra muros*.

Ecce Diabolus.—"More copy, sir." More copy? Out upon thee, imp of darkness. Here take it—we have done with thee—fly, vamous, and come again *ad graecas kalendas*. *Pax vobiscum, lector amice!*

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Editors for the Present Session.

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OCTOBER,	- -	WALTER S. BROWN, N. Y.
NOVEMBER,	- -	HARRISON T. JOHNSON, Md.
DECEMBER,	- -	EDMUND D. HALSEY, N. J.

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